

Wichita Daily Eagle

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RICHARD W. THOMPSON.

The Chairman of the American Panama Canal Committee.

The name of Col. Richard W. Thompson, of Terre Haute, Ind., the "Ancient Mariner of the Wabash," is much in the mouths of men nowadays, owing to his alleged connection with the Panama canal scandal. But "Uncle Dick" Thompson was a noted man long before the Panama canal was thought of. He is eighty-four years old, and a man who received the compliment he did last June at Minneapolis ought to live to be one hundred at the least. The national republican convention discovered one day that it was "Uncle Dick's" birthday, and straightway suspended business. Chas. M. Depew made a speech in his honor, and the "Ancient Mariner" was exhibited to the admiring delegates. Richard W. Thompson was born in June, 1809, in Colquhar county, Va. Both his grandfathers fought in the war for independence. His stepmother was Mildred Ball, a great-niece of George Washington. In 1831 young Thompson went to Indiana, taught school, was clerk in a dry goods store, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1834. That year he was elected to the Indiana house of representatives. He was re-elected in 1835, and at the next election became state senator. In 1840 he was one of Harrison's electors, and the reputation he gained on the stump in the stormy campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," resulted in his election to congress in 1841. He held his own in congress, and it was a day of big men, too. He declined re-nomination, and in 1843 took up residence in Terre Haute and began the practice of law. In 1847 he was again elected to congress by the will of John A. Wright, afterwards governor of Indiana. In 1849 President Taylor appointed him minister to Austria, and later President Fillmore ap-



COL. RICHARD W. THOMPSON.

pointed him general solicitor of the land office. He declined both positions. President Lincoln appointed him judge of court of claims at Washington. He declined because his law practice was too large to leave. Lincoln also offered him the position of examiner of railroads. Thompson declined. He also served a term as collector of internal revenue for the Terre Haute district and held other offices. In 1857 President Hayes made him secretary of the navy, and this is why he is called the "Ancient Mariner of the Wabash." He retired in 1861—before his full four years as secretary were up—to become chairman of the American committee of the Panama Canal company at a salary of \$35,000 a year. Col. Thompson has also made his mark as an author, having published in 1857 "The Wabash and the Civil Power," and in 1858 "History of Protective Tariff Laws." Mr. Thompson, who was Miss Harriet B. Gardner, of Columbus, O., before marriage, died March 23, 1883. Five children are living.

Probably Succeeded.

Tommy—Did you put anything in your grandfather's stocking, John?

Johnnie—Yes, a sock.

Tommy—Oh, why did you do that?

Johnnie—I wanted to make my presents felt—Truth.

What Pumps Are.

There is a clergyman who talks to the children of his church about the duty of giving up the vanities of this world, and as most of them belong to the class that does not own winter underwear this advice seems a little unnecessary. Sunday afternoon he was, as usual, exhorted his hearers to sacrifice things they did not possess and to renounce the famous triad of the world, the flesh and the devil. Suddenly it occurred to him that perhaps his language was not clear to the infant mind, and with a view to finding out he said: "I've been telling you of the pumps and vanities of this life. Now I want to know who can tell me what pumps are." There was dead silence until a boy who lived put up his hand and remarked: "Pleash, sir, pump it thins to get water out of."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

His Fair Patient



ROBERT M. LOCKWOOD

(Copyright, 1892, by the Author.)

HE gray dawn had begun to filter through the closed blinds at the foot of his bed, and Dr. Banks had just settled himself for a final snooze, when his night bell rang furiously. The good doctor sprang up and put his head out of the window.

"What is wanted?" he called.

"Is that Dr. Banks?"

The voice was a clear treble, and he could distinguish a female form in the street below.

"Yes," he answered; "what do you want?"

"Oh! doctor," said the voice, tremulously; "please come with me, at once. My sister is dying, I fear."

"I'll be right down," called the doctor, and, hurriedly dressing himself, he descended and opened the door.

"Come in," he said; "I will be with you immediately."

The doctor was soon ready, and together they left the house. She led him by many turns, through narrow streets, until she opened a door into a long, dark passage between two dwellings and passed in. The doctor followed her without hesitation. From the passage they emerged into a court on three sides of which faced a series of dismal and dirty tenements. Into one of these his conductress led him and up some rickety stairs. On the fourth landing she opened a door and entered an apartment. In a moment they stood beside a pallet on which lay a woman. The invalid stirred, and turning her face to them asked feebly:

"Have you brought the doctor, Alice?"

"Yes, dearest," and turning to him: "Dr. Banks, this is my sister, Miss Carnold."

The change his name made on the sick woman was electric. From utter listlessness she was aroused to the intensest excitement. A deep flush overspread her face, and her eyes sparkled like coals as she raised herself upon her elbow and gazed into his face:

"It is not he," she murmured; "yet—yes—there is a likeness!"

She passed, and abruptly addressing the doctor said: "Had you ever a brother, Dr. Banks?"

"Yes, madam."

"And his name was Henry?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

A dark shade passed over his face. "I do not know," he said; "I have not heard from him for three years. The last word I had was a letter he wrote me from California, telling of his engagement to a San Francisco girl—a paragon of beauty and goodness."

"That paragon is before you—or, rather, the wreck of your faithless brother has left her."

The doctor caught his breath. "Miss Carnold," he said, "this is a terrible surprise to me! But, come now, your sister shall tell me all. Meanwhile, you must not excite yourself, but must obey my directions strictly, if you wish to get well."

The doctor found that hers was no organic trouble, but rather a general exhaustion of nature's powers, arising from worry and insufficient food. He gave her a quieting potion, and she fell into a gentle slumber. He then asked Miss Alice to give him an account of how the trouble with his brother had happened.

In answer she related that her sister had met Henry Banks at a reception.

"Why did you desert your fiancée?"

He was young and handsome, and won her heart. Her father gave his consent to the marriage, and the day was set. Then followed Mr. Carnold's death and the fall from wealth to poverty. He left nothing but his debts. But the climax of their trouble came when Henry Banks disappeared, leaving a letter for his fiancée stating that he had decided to start anew elsewhere and she would never see him again. The two women had worked their way to New York, hoping to meet friends of their father who once lived there, but only to find them dead. They had then rented their present apartments, and eked out a scanty living by taking in sewing. Under the severe strain Mary's health gave way, and she was prostrated. The younger sister, on her way for a physician, had been attracted by Dr. Banks' sign and had sought his aid. When she had finished her recital, the doctor was silent for a time.

"Miss Carnold," he said at last, "these surroundings are not congenial to you. Now I have a proposition to make which I beg you will accept in the same spirit that it is offered. The second floor of my house is vacant, and I want you to occupy it. When your sister is well enough to remove we will take her there, and you shall be more comfortable."

Alice's only answer was to burst into tears. The tender-hearted doctor sat down beside her and took her hand.

"Won't you consider me your friend, Miss Carnold?" he said, earnestly, "and accept this offer?"

"Dr. Banks," she exclaimed, "your kindness quite overpowers me. Perhaps I ought to doubt you and spurn your proposal, but I am glad to accept, for it seems to me that Providence has sent you to us."

"I trust that I shall prove a true emissary of Providence," he answered. Two weeks passed. The invalid,

speaking in warm terms of what Scott's Emulsion has done for their delicate, sickly children. Its use has brought thousands back to rosy health.

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thanks to her improved circumstances and the doctor's care, was so much improved as to be able to sit up. The doctor spent his evenings with the ladies when not professionally engaged, and charming companions he found them. One evening while they were engaged in an animated conversation the doctor's bell rang, and, excusing himself, he went below. As he opened the door a tall, fine-looking man stepped into the hall. He stood there a moment and then said, in a low voice: "James!"

"Harry!" exclaimed the other, springing forward and dragging him into the light. "It is you, my dear boy! Where have you been these three years? Come in and get warmed up."

When they were seated before the cheerful grate fire James said:

"Hal, tell me; why did you desert your fiancée in her hour of need?"

"Good heavens, man! who told you that? I did not desert her. My story is a strange one, and but for the most substantial proofs I could never convince you of its veracity. But how did you hear of this?"

"From your fiancée. The Misses Carnold are living upstairs in the utmost poverty."

The other sprang to his feet. "Oh! let me go to her!" he cried. "Do not detain me!"

"No; you must wait," said his brother, quietly. "It would tell her to see you suddenly in her weak state. I will prepare her for the meeting. But first tell me about your disappearance. You wrote to Miss Carnold, saying that you had decided to start anew, and that she would never see you again. That sounds like desertion, doesn't it?"

Hal uttered an exclamation of surprise. "It was a forgery!" he cried, indignantly. "I never wrote such a letter. As I intimated to you, mine is a strange story, and this I suppose is but another chapter."

"Mr. Carnold, Mary's father, the day before he died intrusted to my care a mortgage which he held on a gold mine claim in southern California, and which he had intended to foreclose in three weeks. He wished me to take possession of the claim and run it for his daughter's benefit, as this would be their sole support. I consented, and as soon as I left him placed the precious document in a safe deposit vault."

"Mr. Carnold died the next day, and in the confusion and sorrow I forgot to mention the mortgage to the girls. That evening, sitting in my room, I fell asleep. I woke to find myself securely bound and gagged. To make a long story short, I was carried to a cab, conveyed a long way from the city to a lonely spot, and there kept prisoner, being guarded day and night by two of my four armed attendants."

After two years of this sort of life, I succeeded in making my way. My guards were in a drunken stupor after a day of debauch. I reached San Francisco in safety, foreclosed the mortgage, and caused the arrest of all concerned in my detention. Their cases came up in the November term. The mine was now the property of the girls, but no trace of them could I find; they had disappeared. I then came on and sought you. Like a fairy-story, isn't it?"

"It certainly is, my dear Hal," answered James, when his brother had finished the recital of his adventures. "I will run up now and break the good news to Mary and Alice."

"A tiresome patient," he said, as he entered the room. "But I have learned through him that my brother Henry is well, and what will be good news to you, that he has been totally blameless in the matter of his supposed desertion."

He then related his brother's story, being careful to conceal the fact that the mortgage interested them.

"And so your brother is a rich miner now?" said Mary. "I hope, Dr. Banks, you will do all in your power to keep us apart."

"I will do nothing of the sort, Miss Carnold. He is anxious to see you, I understand."

"But do you not see that we are miserably poor and he is a wealthy man?" she said, sadly.

"Suppose I tell you," he answered. "That you are both rich? Suppose I tell you that the mortgage was left by your father in my brother's care for your maintenance, and that the gold mine is yours?"

The two women sprang up with exclamations of surprise; but the impatient doctor said to Mary, as he gently forced her back into her seat: "Come, my dear Miss Carnold. I see that I must exercise my authority. You must not excite yourself; you are still very weak. Besides—well, there's another patient," he added, interrupting.

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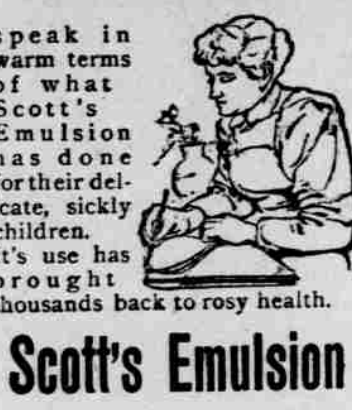
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Letters from Mothers



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